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We Are A Dreaming People

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We Are A Dreaming People

R. Lamonte Jenkins

Abstract

We are a dreaming people . . . And love is the makeup we wear. Continue to drive in rain-storms, Open the windows and wet your hands— To some deserted province of contemplation...

"We Are A Dreaming People . . ."

a tribute to

Lorraine Hansberry
Langston Hughes

by Robert LaMonte Jenkins
English Sr.

We are a dreaming people . . .
And love is the makeup we wear.
Continue to drive in rainstroms,
Open the windows and wet your hands—
To some deserted province of contemplation.

Do we dream—we do . . .
And love is the underbase we wear.
Natural rhythms gloat with us,
Symphonic are the feet we have,
Gorgeous are the hues we use.
But we dream of other things—
Of lighter skin and shit.
We can't believe ours,
Predicament caused it all.
Pessimism is addictive
And we are good dreamers
And love is what our skin is made of.

We know so much of hate,
It does love, not faze us.
Didn't we go to church in every way.
Listened to bright eyes tell you:
"God is not to dream of."

So we dream, and love . . .
The heart we give to God in every way.
It is all we sometimes have to wear.

Death dances are familiar moves.
Chessmen we are . . . Pawns, I mean.
Didn't we dream good for their kings,
Dreaming one day to be loyal servants,
Dreamers . . . We are the best.

And love is what our soul was going to wear.
Why have we stopped dreaming?